

SENTIMENTS

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SENTIMENTAL YORICK, &c.

[Price One Shilling.]



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SENTIMENTAL YORK & CO.

Price 10 CENTS

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On the DEATH of the

SENTIMENTAL YORICK.

By one of Uncle TOBY's illegitimate Children.

With Rules for Writing

MODERN ELEGIES.

ALAS POOR YORICK!

L O N D O N,

Printed for STAPLES STEARE, No. 93, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXVIII.

Murdock 347.54 *

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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
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A WAREHOUSE of THOUGHTS! you'd have the Executors and Administrators of Mr. YORICK set up a Warehouse of Thoughts, says *Jack Spondee*, as he was scratching his Head with one Hand, and stroaking my Tabby Cat with the other.

IV. B. Scratching the Head a great Help to Reflection, more especially where any difficult Point is to be determined :

B

Yes,

Yes, replied I, a Warehouse of Thoughts, it is by much the best Thing they can possibly do; — better by far than to publish the *Posthumous* Works of the celebrated Author of *Tristram Shandy*.

I don't know,—I don't know, says *Jack* (again scratching his Head) — I don't know but what the Scheme may do very well: It will — it must — for should they publish the *Posthumous* Works, and attempt to foist in any thing spurious, in order to swell the Bulk, and enhance the Price, the Public would certainly smoke 'em; he is so much himself that he cannot be imitated, for, as a celebrated Author has observed upon another Occasion,

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

But pray in what Manner would you sell 'em?

By Weight, certainly; Wit is worth its Weight in Gold.

Yes

Though

Though you may object, very probably, to the Lightness of Paper upon which Wit is transcribed, as the Paper can be of no consequence in a Scale; and the black Delineations of Genius has so little propensity to Generation, that they become in this Case almost a Non-entity.

However, to obviate this Difficulty, I have hit upon a very plausible Scheme.

I would have every Morfel of Wit engraved, or rather stamp't upon Lead, six Syllables upon every Ounce, which should be weighed against Gold, and an Equivalent of that valuable Metal given to purchase the More *Ignoble* or *Base*; besides there will be something of a Novelty in it, Wit and Lead, Light and Darknefs, Day and Night, blended together, as is well observed.

Pretty in Amber to observe the Forms

Of Hair, and Straw, and Dirt, and Grubs, and Worms;

The Things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil they got there.

Then the Barrenness of every Man's Estate, his Fields of Ideas, and Pastures of Sentiments, his Garden of Similes, and Woods of Ratiocination will be plentifully supplied, and fertilized, provided he has Money.

Have you done yet, quoth *Jack*?

—— Oh qu' ouy,

————— says I,

He then put *Gripetta* down upon the Ground, stroaked her thrice — patted her twice, — and called her poor Pufs once, — then took his Leave, and, with a theatrical Strut, made his

Exit.

You must excuse me for mentioning my poor Pufs so frequently, for I have a very particular Affection for her; —
she

she was given me by a favourite Mistress. The very Rose of Beauty, and Pink of Virtue!—however I unfortunately lost her just on the Point of Marriage; for she was taken into Keeping by the old Lord *Tremor* just after he had the Palsey: Ah! she was the very Pink of Virtue;—she gave me poor *Gripetta*. It brings tears in my Eyes whenever I think on——She kitten'd about a Fortnight ago;—one of her Kittens, a pretty Tortoiseshell one, I sent as a Present to the famous Doctor *Smelfungus*, in order to induce him to give my Production a favourable Character in the Critical Review.

Another, a black one, I sent to Mr. *D*——, with a polite Epistle requesting him to write the future Life of my dear *Gripetta*, which he as complaisantly promised to perform.

———— Peste —————

I am running on like the rest of my Brother Authors ---- strait
forward

forward ---- without once turning my Head, or looking behind me, and so have very fairly lost Sight of my Subject.

To follow the Nose is certainly a Piece of very good Advice in walking, but will strangely mislead us in Writing.

To make some Reparation for my former Rambling, please to accept of the following Lines :

THE

THE
Tears of GENIUS and HUMOUR.

GENIUS.

Lament, ye Muses, YORICK is no more;

Genius must long her heavy loss deplore:

Who can depict the various Scenes of Life,

And set the Passions in a pleasing Strife?

Who, now he's gone, can each Affection draw,

And make wild Pulses yield to Reason's Law?

Who with such Skill the ruling Passion find,

And fix due Limits to the wand'ring Mind?

We read each Character with raptur'd Gust,

And ev'ry Eye confess'd the Colours just.

The Sum of all my Expectations crost;

My eldest Son, my best belov'd is lost.

He

He saw thro' Nature with a piercing Eye,
 And wing'd with me his Passage thro' the Sky,
 Thro' Realms of Brightness, and ethereal day,
 And caught from *Phœbus* a refulgent Ray.
Apollo's Delegate on Earth did fit,
 And charm'd all Optics with the Blaze of Wit:
 In censure mild, he dictated with Ease,
 And while he mended, was assured to please;
 From Nature and from me his Laws he drew,
 Tho' easy, strong; and elegant, tho' true.
 Like Shakespeare scorn'd the Trammels of the Schools,
 And disregarded trivial Critics Rules:
 Laugh'd at Objections which from Envy came,
 And thought to mend the heart sufficient Fame,
 But Death maliciously has snatch'd him hence,
 And Dulness now may trample over Sense;
 Aided by Numbers, bear despotic Sway,
 And teach defenceless *Genius* to obey.
 CHURCHILL! I lost another favourite Child;
 Energetic, comprehensive, strong and wild!

Sorrow

Sorrow for him had long my Heart assail'd,
 Till Love and Sentiments, for thee prevail'd :
 Both gone in Silence ; I your Loss deplore ;
Genius retires, now *Yorick* is no more.

H U M O U R.

My Pleasure so great while he liv'd,
 Can I help being griev'd now he's dead ;
 Such Raptures from him I receiv'd,
 Spleen, Caprice and Vapours all fled.
 His Father so fond of demure Consultation,
 With good Uncle *Toby's* queer Fortification ;
 His Curtains and Ravelins,
 Guns, Pistols and Javelins,
 ----- And still he would harp
 On Half-moon and Foffees, and Triangles salient,
 And stand by *Stevinus* and *Blondel* quite valient,
 Till luckily hobbled in Ditch or on Scarp ;
 Sometimes with Horn-work
 His Brother he'd yerk,

C

And

And unwittingly prove matrimony a farce ;

Till put in a pet,

The old Man would fret,

And quite in a Sweat,

Be ready to curse all who bear the * * * *

Now he's gone I've no hope,

But must fit like a Mope,

And instead of Pleasure repine ;

For among all the Writers,

Whether Novel Inditers,

Or Poets, Ludicrous, or Epigramatic,

Or even Dramatic,

Not a Soul of 'em all I term mine.

Having finished these, I determin'd to write some account of his Morals, but first took a Pinch of Snuff, and took my Cat to play with a little, for you must know my Cat is very poetically inclin'd, for when I have been
very

very hard at Work, measuring Hexameter, Pentameter, Spondees, or Dactyles, and counting them upon my Fingers, she has stared at me very significantly,—and afterwards fell to capering with great seeming Satisfaction; so that I could not help looking upon myself as equal to Orpheus, since by the Power of Numbers, I could set a Beast a Dancing.

She likewise Mews in a very harmonious Manner, and never Caterwauls but in Iambics.

D I A B L E.

I've got rambling again;—but I'll comfort myself with reflecting, that it's more the Fault of the Age than mine.

S T A N Z A S.

Pity must with the Sensible prevail,
When Merit sinks into the silent Grave,
And where detractions Envy would assail,
Justice should rise impartially and save.

Each worthy Passion dwelt within his Heart,
Exalted Sentiments adorn'd his Mind;
His Head the Stores of Genius could impart,
His Breast was tender, sensible and kind.

We see Humanity in ev'ry Line,
His Thoughts the Richness of his Soul express;
Th' afflicted bend towards his healing Shrine,
For Woe still follows Goodness in excess.

Just as I had finished the above Stanzas, Jack Spondee entered my Room again, and seemed to have come with very
great

great Speed : He told me since he had left me he had by Chance met with a very ingenious Young Gentleman, a particular Friend and Acquaintance of his, and mentioning to him my Intention of writing an Elegy, or a Monody, or a Something or Other upon the Death of poor Yorick ; his Friend told him he would make him a Present of a Recipe to make an Elegy or a Monody, or any Thing upon that lamentable Subject, Death, which he very kindly brought to me in order to assist me in my Composition.

His Recipe contained the following Rules :

I.

Let every Man who would succeed in writing an Elegy, Monody, or any other doleful Ditty, be sure to be absolutely unacquainted with the Subject on which he writes ; this Maxim may appear at first Sight very odd, but nevertheless it is very just for all our modern Writers use no other Method.

It

It is founded on this Reason, if a Man has not the least Notion in his Head of the Subject on which he writes, the Composition cannot be said to proceed from the Head but Heart.

II.

Let him be sure to use Mr. Grey's Stanza. This Kind of Verse is supposed to be an Invention of late Years ; but it was used a hundred Years ago in the long and tedious Poem of Gondibert, and perhaps was the principal Cause of the bad Success of that Poem in those Days, however it cannot detract a Modern Performance ; since Dissipation rather than Instruction is sought for by most of our present Readers, and that is the most lullaby Kind of Versification yet invented.

III.

Put together as many Mountains, Hills, Dales, Rivers, Springs, Trees, Flowers, Shrubs, Weeds, &c. &c. &c. as possible,

fible, and then set 'em all a crying, and cry for Company yourself, if you possibly can, in order to make what follows more tender.

IV.

If by Chance you have heard of any of the deceased Person's Crimes or Follies, be sure to mention 'em all, and then pathetically entreat the Public to remember to forget 'em, if you have not heard any such thing you must invent. —

——Invention is a great thing in a Poet.——

V.

Where you speak of their Virtue take care to write so insipidly as to compel your Reader to pass over that Part quite unregarded, which will be of great Service to your Fame, as Panegyric, and more especially modern Panegyric is a very difficult thing.

VI. Pay

VI.

Pay no Regard to the musty Rules of old Horace, but tag the End of it with an Epigramatic Point, and then your Work is compleated.

Multum in parvo.

The above Rules invented by

OBADIAH PRIM, Esq;

Well

Well cries my Friend Jack, will you write by these rules? — Speak Man, speak.

I returned in the Negative:

He demanded my Reason:

I told him I was acquainted with a single Rule which was much superior to any of his Friend's, to compose a better Elegy than any composed by them could possibly be.

He was eager to know it:

I replied, — Not to set Pen to Paper at all. —

This put him in a terrible Rage, he stalked three Times up and down the Room, then snatch'd up my poor Cat, and threw her out of the Window, after which barbarous Action, he escaped with great Precipitation.

D

I darted

I darted down Stairs immediately to save my poor Gripetta, when, oh Grief of Griefs! a couple of Butcher's Bull Dogs had seized her, and a couple of Bailiff's Bull Dogs seized me:— She was tore to Pieces in an Instant, and I expect to be used with little more Humanity.

Dated from the Spunging House, kept by
Stoneheart Littlepity, in Bolt and Lock
Court, near Fetter-Lane.

F I N I S.